

## \$100,000 BAIL IS DEMANDED FOR SWINDLER LYMAN

Federal Prosecutor Argues for Big Sum and Case Is Continued.

SENT BACK TO TOMBS.

Relatives of Alleged Swindler Said to Be Considering Insanity Plea.

When J. Grant Lyman, accused of using the mails to defraud, was arraigned before Judge Dayton in the United States District Court this morning, it was reported in the Federal Building that relatives of the prisoner intend to ask that he be committed to an insane asylum. When the man who is accused of having netted \$200,000 or more on stock swindling schemes was asked about this plan, he said:

"If they think I'm crazy, let them read the book I wrote two years ago." It then developed that two years ago when a similar effort was made to excuse one of Lyman's financial escapades in California, the prisoner wrote a book entitled, "Am I Insane?" in which he took the position that he was not.

"I will fight any plan of that sort on the part of my relatives," the alleged swindler is quoted as saying. "I am not crazy and won't offer a defense of that kind."

Lyman arrived here yesterday, handcuffed to Deputy Marshal W. D. Vincent of Tampa, Fla. Mrs. Lyman joined them at West Philadelphia and was present when Vincent turned his prisoner over to United States Marshal McCarthy, who placed him in the Tombs.

A broad grin and the remark "Let them find it if they can," was Lyman's only response to an inquiry as to what he had done with the \$200,000 he is alleged to have cleaned up while doing business as John H. Putnam & Co., No. 68 Broad Street. Detectives have got trace of some of the money, however, which they say was put in banks in Washington, Philadelphia and uptown New York.

Secret Service men are investigating Lyman's claim that when he was arrested a man who said he was a Federal agent searched him and took twenty-one \$1,000 bills which were concealed in a newspaper in his inside pocket.

It developed to-day the first tip on Lyman's whereabouts after he disappeared from his office came from a woman from whom he obtained \$5,000 and to whom he showed attention said to be far from businesslike. This woman, hearing Lyman was at the New Willard Hotel in Washington, went there expecting to join him. When she got there, detectives say, Lyman was gone.

Outraged because of his failure to make good his promise and realizing that her \$5,000 had gone when Lyman did, the woman put the Federal agent on his trail.

Lyman says the men he "trimmed" in New York were wise ones and he was delighted to take them into camp.

He gave them some good tips at that," he remarked. "I gave them Ohio Oil and it went up from 160 to 280 in ten days. If I had bought the stock as all could have got rich."

In response to a suggestion that with his knowledge of the stock market he might make a fortune legitimately, Lyman said: "I might, perhaps, but I don't want to. I was all swept away. Then I had to have money at once and I got it crooked."

Lyman has retained Frank R. O'Neill, former Commissioner of the Southern Railway, to act as his attorney. Cards found in Lyman's pockets, according to detectives, seem to indicate he was associated in business at one time with George Graham Rice, who was sent to Sing Sing several years ago for swindling. When asked if this was so, Lyman said he could not remember.

Lyman was asked if \$14,000 in cash and \$5,000 in a certified check were the amounts taken from him when he was arrested.

The Southern papers make it almost double that," he replied, "and I can take it from me they are correct."

Lyman said the prisons in the South were so filthy he enjoyed his quarters in the Tombs last night.

**Admits Impersonating Cartoonist.** Hal Coleman, a cartoonist, who has for weeks been trying to locate a mysterious impersonator who used his name, was in the Jefferson Market Court to-day when Joseph Harold Coffman, Welch, forty years old, of the Mills Hotel, Thirty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, appeared in response to a summons and was fined \$10 for disorderly conduct. Welch admitted he had posed as the cartoonist.

**Fined for Beating Niece.** Mrs. Mary Maglone of No. 213 East One Hundred and Eleventh Street, was fined \$50 in Special Sessions to-day for brutal treatment of her niece and ward, thirteen-year-old Rosa Crista. The justices were satisfied that Rosa had been punished for staying at school to study instead of going home promptly to do the house cleaning. She was beaten all over her body and bitten on the arms. The child was put in the care of the Children's Society.

**CURED HIMSELF OF THE LIQUOR HABIT**

**A Missouri Man After Drinking for Thirty-five Years Banished His Craving for Liquor With a Simple Home Recipe.**

Mr. Thos. J. D. O'Bannon, a well-known resident of Missouri, living at R. F. D. No. 3, Fredericktown, Mo., banished his craving for liquor with a simple recipe, which he mixed at home.

Mr. O'Bannon recently made the following statement: "I am 51 years old and had drunk for thirty-five years. My craving was so great I could not quit liquor. More than a year ago I had the following simple recipe filled and began taking it, and it entirely banished my craving for liquor. To 5 oz. of water add 30 grains of muskrat of ammonia, a small box of Vaseline Compound and 10 grains of peppin. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Any druggist can mix it for you or supply the ingredients at very little cost. This recipe can be taken of your own accord or given to some severely in coffee, tea, milk, food, as it has no taste, color or smell, and is perfectly harmless. I believe any drunkard can cure himself with this simple recipe."—Adv.

**BELLANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.**

All lost or found articles advertised in The World will be held at The World's Information Bureau, Pulitzer Building, Avenue, Park Row; World's Uptown Office, northwest corner 35th St. and Broadway; World's Harlem Office, 135 West 125th St., and World's Brooklyn Office, 292 Washington St., Brooklyn, for 30 days following the printing of the advertisement.

## Women Should Hold On to Their Alimony; Their Last Legal Right, Says Woman Lawyer

That's the Answer by a Well Known Practitioner to the Feminist Who Declared Alimony a Relic of the Dark Ages—"Too Easy for the Men," Says Miss Lucille Pugh.

By Nizola Greeley-Smith.

"Alimony is a relic of the dark ages," observed Crystal Eastman Benedict, in applying for a divorce in Chicago, but spurning the usual perquisites of love's involuntary bankruptcy.

"Marriage should be a link, not a handcuff," she added. "No self-respecting feminist would accept alimony. It would be her confession that she could not care for herself."

Worse than that, I think. It's her public admission that she is no longer charming enough to induce a new man to take care of her if she does not want to be self-respecting and feminist and enjoy all those other luxuries that some of us permit ourselves. In other words, alimony is a sex pension for the G. A. R. veterans of matrimony. What a metallic chink there is about all those words connected with marriage, anyhow—Ceremony, Matrimony, Alimony. (One could almost cash them.) One CAN borrow money on them.

However, what does the woman who actually collects alimony think about this matter? What does the lawyer who collects it for her think?

Mrs. Benedict's views are unsound, of course. So are mine. They always are. Place therefore to the opinions of Miss Lucille Pugh, one of the youngest and most successful women lawyers in New York. Miss Pugh has collected many thousands of dollars in alimony for other women.

She agrees it is hard. In fact, she agrees even the necessary qualifications for alimony, for she won't even put herself in on Cupid's civil service list by getting married.

**SHE'S A SWAGGER CALIBRE, IS THIS WOMAN LAWYER.** Miss Pugh is one of those women whose collyer is visibly voluntary. She is pretty and little and dark. She parts her hair on the side. Her slim figure has a boyish swagger that serves only to enhance its girlishness. She wears the most masculine tailored clothes and skirts and linen collars that men tailor and haberdashers can turn out. In office hours, that is, for between sun and sun she puts flowers in her hair and carries a peacock feather fan. She has even been known to sport a cloth of gold evening gown with pantalettes.

"Look here," Miss Pugh began vigorously, "you and I and other professional women are one thing. And the untrained woman who has been a wife and mother for twenty years is quite another thing! She's helpless and she knows it. All she has—all she HAD most of the time—was her charm, beauty, whatever you choose to call it. And she gave it to a man. Has he the right to turn her out without a cent when she has lost her freshness, when a new face appears? I think not. YOU would not take alimony. To be frank, neither should I; but these other women cannot afford to be so (blank) independent."

Miss Pugh's quick tongue slipped a cog just here. She said it! Just as you and I may have said it at times. "Besides, don't you think we theorists are going pretty far when we are willing to surrender our privileges—privileges the law allows us—for rights that are still up in the air? You want to vote. So do I. But we CAN'T vote. The State of New York has just refused us political equality with men. Why, then, should we establish financial equality, surrender the advantages we've got for those we want, but as yet can't have? It's too easy for men."

**SHOULD WOMEN GIVE UP LAST REMAINING RIGHT?** "Many of my clients these days are women trying to collect alimony. And I can tell you we have a hard time. Some of the Judges before whom I appear seem to think that a woman is lucky to be allowed to live."

"A New York Judge gave one of my women clients \$3 a week alimony, though her husband has three parcels of real estate in Jamaica, L. I., and lives on the income from his property. A few days ago an actress came to me, asking me to collect alimony from her husband. 'But you make a good income yourself,' I said to her. 'What of that?' she answered. 'I want everything that's coming to me. Do you think I am going to let him off as easily as that?'

"I think that the way most women feel on the subject. They can't afford to let them think they can't afford to think as you and I do. We know that the hardest way of all of earning money is to get it out of a man. But they don't know it. They are afraid of life. They think they can't earn a living for themselves. Of course they COULD. But what's the use as long as they don't know it?"

"I understand Crystal Eastman's views, your views. They are my views for myself. But we can't generalize for other women. It's a funny thing, is it not, that a married woman isn't THING to him. In other words, she has to separate from him—forget her job—in order to collect any specific pay for it. As a happy wife's worth while, she chooses to give her husband a wife, without an occupation, she can collect regularly once a week. What for?"

"Damages, of course," Miss Pugh replied, "depreciation of value, just as you said a while ago. But the point is, if that's all she can do and she HAS depreciated. She has had no training for work. She can't be turned out on the world at forty or fifty. In all this discussion I assume that we refer to the childless wife who seeks alimony. For, naturally, the mother of young children is incapacitated for outside work and can serve society best by taking care of her family."

"Of course," acquiesced, "the mother of young children should be pensioned I think, by the State, by the general endowment of motherhood, but until that idea prevails she should be supported by the father of the child. It is only when a wife is childless and in good health and in the full use of her faculties that I agree with Mrs. Crystal Eastman."

"So do I—for Mrs. Eastman—for you—for me—Miss Pugh brought one tiny Southern flit down on her big mahogany desk—told me I was married and my husband didn't believe himself I'd give him a good thrashing and turn him out."

I looked at her and said, 'I will look at you and see if I can't get behind the big desk.' "You could not thrash anybody!" I observed incredulously.

"Oh, you could!" replied Lucille Pugh, militant. "But I'd rather not take my exercise that way. It's easier to dance or ride horseback or play polo. I've got a game knee now from a polo match I played down at Pinehurst in February. But what do I care? My side won."

**GOES TO COURT TO GET HER CAT OUT OF FLUE** Blackie's Predicament Baffles the Fire, Police, Health and Tenement Departments.

Seeking relief from imprisonment for her cat, Blackie, Miss Mabel Godfrey exhausted the resources of the Fire, Health, Police and Tenement House Departments to-day and turned as a last resort to Magistrate Levy in Washington Heights Court. Blackie, in murderous pursuit of a mouse, got in the flue of the house at No. 208 West Hundred and Thirtieth Street through the fireplace of Mrs. Elizabeth Brady, with whom Miss Godfrey boards.

Miss Godfrey, her brothers and the neighbors rushed for the cat in vain all last night. The Fire Department was returned with the document, the chimney had been torn out and Blackie was out of the trenches. Also, he was dead.

**FORMS INDEPENDENT CHURCH** (Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, March 2.—A new denomination came into being to-day when Rev. George Chalmers Richmond gathered about him a number of adherents for a last meeting in the basement of old St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, from which the fighting rector has been ousted through a series of adverse decisions by ecclesiastical and civil courts. Voting never again to put foot across the portals of the church, where most of them had worshipped for many years, twenty-two men and women, including the Rev. Dr. Richmond in organizing the new St. John's Independent Protestant Episcopal Church, and hailing a final defiance at Bishop Rhinelander of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania. It was decided to hold the first service of the new church next Sunday.

**STOPS FALLING HAIR** This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half pint of water add: Bay Rum..... 1 oz. Barbo Compound..... a small box Glycerine..... 1 oz. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and all the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, and thin hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—Adv.



MISS LUCILLE PUGH.

## AVIATORS FIGHT THRILLING BATTLE 10,000 FEET IN AIR

Daring Aeroplane Duel Ends When German "Fokker" Plunges to Earth.

LONDON, March 2.—How a German "Fokker" fighting plane, shot down by a British airman, came tumbling from a height of 7,000 feet, was described in a letter from the British pilot to his friend. The Fokker plunged through the roof of a British dugout, wounded four soldiers.

The British pilot, with an observer, was starting for a flight of reconnaissance over the German lines and had ascended to more than 10,000 feet. Coming from the German front, and several hundred feet below him, he saw one of the Fokkers, pursuing and rapidly overhauling a British biplane, fleeing back to the British lines.

"Down we went, almost vertically," said the airman. "The Fokker and caught up with the Britisher and was emptying its guns at fifty yards. We wound up our dive twenty yards behind the German, who didn't see us until we opened fire."

"Twenty rounds failed to hit him in a vital spot, but he quit the chase and turned his attention to us. The Fokker began describing circuits around us, firing all the time, while we did a sort of inner circle."

"Suddenly he decided he had enough and started for home. After him we went, diving lustily. We were getting so low we expected the German 'Archies' to begin any moment. Then we got him. A lucky shot found his biplane and the Fokker pilot was no more."

"First he turned over, wheels up; then he looped, then several cartwheels, a nose-dive, more loops, and several turns on to and off his back, sideways until he struck. The nose went head-first through the top of the dugout, built of heavy logs and with three feet of earth on top. The pilot and mechanic were torn to pieces."

**Escaping Prisoner Recaptured.** Policeman Harvey arrested two young men to-day in the store of Buss & Co., in Kingsland Avenue, Newtown. As he was taking them to the station one broke away and lost himself in the snowstorm, dodging shots from Harvey's revolver. The other, Alfred Brewer, of No. 112 West Burnside Avenue, Corona, was locked up. An hour later the attention of Policeman Lenhof was called to John Webb of No. 829 Fresh Pond Road, who was apparently trying to hide in the Maspeh car barn. Webb made an effort to escape but was caught at the station. Harvey identified him as the prisoner who had escaped.

**Wyckoff Held for Murder.** THIRTON, N. J., March 2.—William Henry Wyckoff, a distant relative and sole beneficiary of Richard J. Wyckoff, the aged Hunterdon County farmer, who, with his housekeeper, Catherine Fisher, was murdered Feb. 11, was arrested to-day. He was formally charged with the crime. Wyckoff was committed to the Flemington Jail without bail. It was the prisoner who discovered the bodies, and he has since advised a public sale of his relative's effects.

**Tomorrow, Friday, March 3rd**

## Spring Hats of French Descent

Milans, Silks and Ribbon Models \$8.75

All those nerve, new shapes and fresh materials—Spring blossoms which look as if they had just burst from Parisian hand-boxes.

Nothing prettier, nothing more chic and becoming, will be found under \$12 and \$15.

Wine colors and the newer blue or black Milans and straws, with the carved tilt—turbans, sailors and titling tilt—"stovepipes"—hats of two materials and hats all ribbon.

Scores of fetching new styles—refined in design, material and finish—well high in the price.

**SPECIAL FOR TOMORROW** An assortment of Authoritative New Spring Hats, Very Latest Materials. \$5

Specially planned for this occasion—productions which will be entirely acceptable to the most particular trade.

At the **Bedell** Fashion Shop Nineteen West 34th Street

## THREW HER CHILDREN FROM WINDOW TO SNOW

Mother, Frightened by Fire, Jumped After Trio and Was Badly Hurt.

Terrified by flames from an overturned oil heater, Mrs. Patrick Murphy of No. 8308 Third Avenue, Bay Ridge, dropped her three infants out of a rear second-story window into a pile of snow this morning and jumped after them. She received internal injuries which necessitated her removal to the Coney Island Hospital, and was also burned on the right arm and leg.

Mary, her five-year-old daughter, suffered contusions of the right hip joint, three, and her left hip bruised and suffered possible internal injuries. Eleanor, six, escaped without a scratch. Two minutes after Mrs. Murphy had jumped, Patrolman Claude Smythe, in answer to her call for help, reached the front window with a ladder from a nearby building and smashed his way in, saving the mother and her children from a worse fate.

There was an open gas jet in the room. The woman and the boarder were taken to the Volunteer Hospital in a critical condition. The presumption is that the gas company turned on the supply early to-day.

**GAS OVERCOMES THREE.** One Dead and Two in Hospital From Accidental Asphyxiation.

Mike Roccosallos, his wife Marie and a boarder named Rosario Alfiero moved into rooms in the tenement at No. 54 Oak Street last night. There was no gas turned on, so the three went to bed by candle-light. This morning Joe Roccosallos, a nephew, hearing no response to his knock, climbed into the apartment by the fire escape. He found his uncle dead and Mrs. Roccosallos and the boarder unconscious.

There was an open gas jet in the room. The woman and the boarder were taken to the Volunteer Hospital in a critical condition. The presumption is that the gas company turned on the supply early to-day.

**BETTER TOBACCO, MORE SMOKES**—U. S. MARINE

This Wonderful Cut Plug Tobacco a Big Hit in New York

**HIGH QUALITY—BIG PACKAGE**—You cut plug smokers of New York—get acquainted with the tobacco that has 'em all going—U. S. Marine!

Only a year ago U. S. Marine was introduced in this city. It offered better smokes and more smokes for the same money. It made a hit!

Thousands of cut plug smokers tried U. S. Marine and right away became permanent users.

In quality U. S. Marine is the top-notch cut plug tobacco. Made of ripe old Burley leaf aged 3 to 5 years. U. S. Marine has a unique flavor and fragrance that are supremely satisfying.

In quantity—there are more tasty, cool, slow-burning smokes in the package of U. S. Marine than in any other cut plug package for a nickel.

No matter what cut plug tobacco you may be smoking now, you owe it to yourself to try U. S. Marine—because it will give you greater satisfaction in every way.

Get a big package of U. S. Marine to-day—5 cents.—Adv.

**Lily**

**DRESS SHIELDS** "They Last Longer"

Will give you better wear than any dress shield you ever wore. It's in the rubber—the way it's made and cured by our expert rubber-makers.

It is impossible to make a better dress shield. Next time you need a pair, be sure to ask for "Lily."

We guarantee them 100% moisture-proof, and will pay any damage to gowns or waists resulting from defective shields.

All shapes and sizes—at all department and dry goods stores.

**BUNNY BABY PANTS** "They Last Longer"

Here's just the garment your baby wants, just the garment your baby needs. It will help you keep him sweet, comfortable and healthy. Fits snugly, looks neat, and is 100 per cent waterproof.

Isn't it just what you need for YOUR baby? The pleasure it gives you and baby will be worth many times its cost.

25c, 50c, etc., up to \$1.50, at all dry goods and department stores.

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